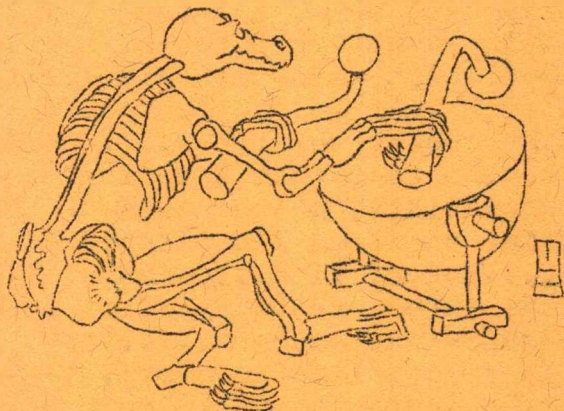


YANDRO ^{#67}



YANDRO

VOL. VI - NO. 8



august '58

#67

Price in USA: 15¢ or 12 for \$1.50
Price in England: 1/3 or 12 for 12/6
Price in Europe: 20¢ or 12 for \$1.75

Publishing address: Robert & Juanita
Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Ind.
A monthly publication.
Circulation: still too high

STAFF

Publisher.....Juanita R. Coulson Editor.....Robert S. Coulson
British Representative...Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts.,
England
Art Editor.....Juanita R. Coulson Solacón Representative.G.H.Scithers
LEGAL ADVISOR....Joe L. Hensley

CONTENTS

Ramblings.....	JWC.....	2
Rumblings.....	RSC.....	3
Zoot Soot.....	John Berry.....	4
A Doddering Column.....	Alan Dodd.....	7
Strange Fruit.....	RSC.....	8
One Fan's Opinion.....	G. H. Scithers.....	13
Reflections At Thirty-Two.....	Ed Wood.....	14
Through Space And Time With Grendel Briarton (II).....	Ferdinand Feghoot*.....	16
New York Inside.....	Dan Adkins.....	18
Dracula.....	Joe Lee Sanders.....	20
Ballads Of Little Billy Rumbleguts.....	R. Warwick, Jr. and Nick & Noreen Falasca.....	21
Chemical Stfinitions.....	Bruce Pelz.....	21
Grumblings.....	the readers.....	22

ARTWORK

Cover by Barbara Johnson

James R. Adams.....	15	Dan Adkins.....	27
Marvin Bryer.....	1	JWC.....	2, 3, 4, 5
DEA.....	16	Robert E. Gilbert.....	24, 26
Dave Jenrette.....	19	Barbara Johnson.....	18
Joe Lee Sanders.....	14	G. H. Scithers.....	17

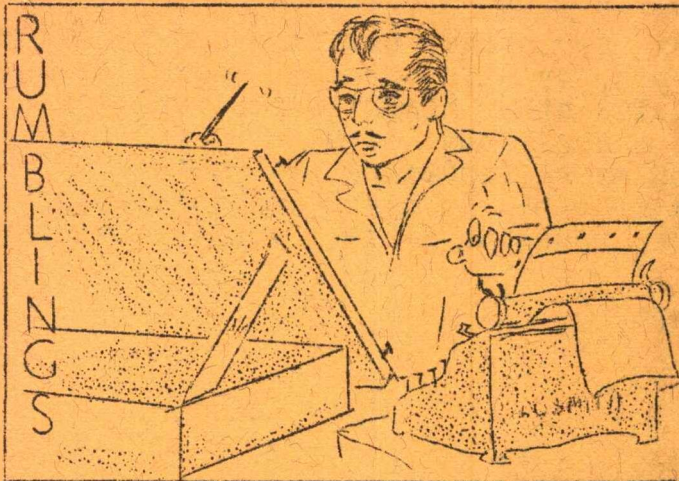
*Feghoot is Roger Ebert, this round.

R
A
M
B
L
I
N
G
S



There have been comments trickling in from here and there to the effect that this monthly mess lacks a previously noted spontaneity... now this is rather interesting, because I don't think my editorials have ever been so spontaneous as they have been this year....mainly due to the fact that I no longer jot down little notes ahead of the deadline on items I'd planned to note...lack of time...perhaps it's not the extemporaneous effect that

is missing, but a 'harlan' - or 'bounce-bounce' atmosphere.....very well...here we go, toujours gai....life is sweet, life is merry, life is a sinkful of dirty dishes...Bob Briney commented choicely on THE VIKINGS, so, despite the cast, I went to see it....and agree heartily in part.....ignoring characterisation and plot twists that annoy, I found myself relishing the tastes of pure pagan religion thrown in.... every scene, every reel, I kept saying to myself....'ah now, here comes the big conversion to Christianity, the denouement, the explanation of the heathen 'miracles'!....but, lo and by Odin, it never arrived...now if someone would only make a film on the Roman, Greek, or Egyptian era with similar care.....and in the realm of these last mentioned...I just finished one of the books we acquired on sale at a Chi bookstore while up at the Illwiscon...Stewart's YEARS OF THE CITY.....the logic of the plot is stretched a bit thin in places, but on the whole, this is no criticism, since the human characters aren't the true heroes of the volume.....it'll never usurp the place in my affections held by the same author's EARTH ABIDES, but still fascinating reading.....since we aren't going to be able to make the Solacon....we decided to take in both the Midwescon and the Illwiscon.....and were those ever gory weekends....fortunately, we have a ready-made baby sitter in my mother.... the regional cons lacked something this year....Bloch.....and Tucker.. and DeCamp...and Asimov.....but still and all...two of these help make up somewhat for the fact that we haven't been able to attend a world con since Cleveland...the Illwiscon was particularly harrowing to reach - after the previous weekend, we decided the room rent would make too big a dent in the budget, so we drove up for one day...starting about seven in the morning....stopping at the Loop and hitting all the record and book stores in the area....then wending our way northward to what I was sure was Fond du Lac, but turned out only to be Weller's Motel...there was spent an entertaining afternoon and evening...phototaking..acquaintance making...joke telling...folk singing....and along about two a.m., we gave up and drove back home....this makes for a horrible Monday morning, but a lot of fun.....but Lynn and Don....somebody is simply going to have to separate these cons by more than one week....the present setup is murder....still, to meet the Grennells, Ellik, Jim Caughran, and the other new fannish faces....the ughish morning was worth it..JWC



This will be the last large issue of YANDRO for awhile...postal rates will prevent us from putting out more than the standard 19 to 21 pages for some time. It is also, I fear, rather a muddled issue, due to its having been rather hastily thrown together. I had just started to cut stencils for the mag when my boss asked me to work overtime. Every night. Now I don't object to the overtime, or to the pay, but it is a bit inconvenient, especially when we're trying desperately to get

the issue out before the postal increase. For the same reason, letter writers who haven't heard from me for awhile can expect to keep on not hearing from me for another while. Once this thing is out, I'm going to spend some spare time (if I have any) catching up on my sleep. (This stencil is being typed at 1:00 AM, for example.) Just noticed I skipped a line up there - this is what comes of typing at 1:00 AM. I am not going to correct it now.

It might be wise to explain one comment in the fanzine reviews...my statement that BRILLIG is "not of interest to fans". (That was typed late at night, too.) Obviously, it's of interest to some fans, but I didn't think it would be interesting to the fan who buys his mags on the basis of my reviews. It's more a lit'ry mag than a fanzine.

With all the furor over the New York situation, nobody has yet congratulated Dave Kyle -- at least, in print -- on his astute tactics. Whether the man is guilty or not, his reactions have been the sort to arouse admiration in the heart of a master politician. When the business of the lawsuit first occurred, he could -- and his critics say that he should -- have simply let the case come to court and defended himself. (Or he could have paid back the money; either because he owed it, or, if he didn't owe it, to keep things quiet.) Whether he won his case in court or not, however, the mere fact that he had been sued would have been enough to blacken his name in fandom. There are always people ready to believe the worst of anyone -- and there is the indisputable fact that courts do make mistakes, and the fact of winning a trial is not absolute proof of innocence. Kyle, however, chose a better course; he countersued. The success of this maneuver is amply attested to by the obvious demoralization of the opposition, which immediately split into factions, began arguing among itself, and ended in dropping the suit against Kyle. Raybin says that this counter-suit is a pure bluff -- if it is, its success is all the more brilliant. At the moment, I have no opinion at all on whether or not Kyle was unjustly accused, and even if I did have I wouldn't print it unless I had proof. But whether he's a martyr or a blackguard, he has shown himself to be vastly more resourceful than his opposition, and he deserves praise for it. Besides, he's added an element of burlesque to an otherwise sordid affair, and provided some entertainment for the bystanders.

RSC

I've come to a mutual arrangement with my wife regarding me continual fanac. Two evenings are especially set aside, and they are termed "non-fanac" nights. On one of the nights, my wife arranges social evenings; her relations, the curate, etc. The other night is reserved for "odd jobs around the house". I think we shall have to have a little conference, the result of which will mean my surrendering yet another of my valuable fanac evenings. This will probably be named the "clearing up night" -- that is, if there is a repercussion of last week's incidents

ZOOT SOOT

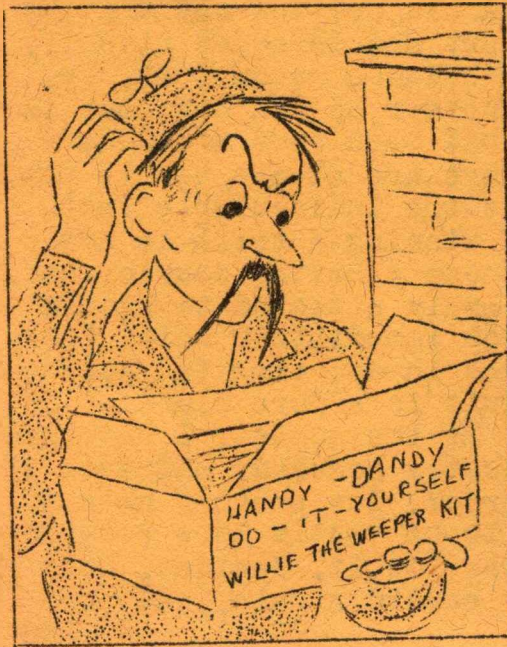
by JOHN BERRY

VISITORS' NIGHT. Saturday, 14th. December 1957

Our guests on this occasion were a young married couple. They didn't have a TV set at home, and were delighted to sit down and relax and view the latest adventures of Sergeant Bilko (in my opinion, the greatest thing the U.S. has ever exported.)

Diane, my wife, was rather worried, though. The chimney badly needed sweeping. Diane had arranged for a sweep to come a few days previously, but he didn't arrive, and as the Christmas holiday was imminent, it seemed it was difficult to arrange an appointment until after the holidays. Yes, Diane was worried, I could see. She gave a weak grin and muttered an abject apology as she wiped the TV screen for the third time and threw the blackened rag into the fire. Our guests looked at each other through the semi-fog, and I saw the woman wipe soot from her dress, and for the first time I noticed it was made of a pink organdie material. I had previously concluded she was in mourning. I hate to admit it, but soot was billowing into the room from the fireplace at an alarming rate.

"Shall we go into the kitchen for supper?" panted Diane from somewhere on my left. "It's cold, but....."



And we all stumbled towards the door, eventually found it, and rushed headlong into the cold kitchen, breathing in hurried lungfuls of pure fresh untainted air.

"You know, it's none of my business," said the man tentatively, "but in my opinion your chimney needs sweeping."

"Weeeell....," said Diane doubtfully.....

"And I understand it's hard to get a chimney sweep just at the moment," he added.

"As a matter of fact..." said Diane....

"So I'll tell you what," he concluded, "I have a set of chimney sweeping rods at home. John can call and collect them whenever he wants, and sweep the chimney for you. It's very easy, John," he added, noting my bewildered expression.

"Well, it certainly has to be done," said Diane. "There's no alternative. I'll have to

let John do it. Thank you very much for your kind offer."

ODD JOB NIGHT. Tuesday, 17th December 1957

Diane surveyed the prepared room. Sheets all over the difficult-to-move furniture..... carpets rolled up neatly along the walls..... pictures turned to the walls (it was grand to see mother-in-law again for a short time).... budgerigar cage with its dust-proof cover.... everything, in fact, prepared for an assault on an extremely sooty chimney. I surveyed the bamboo rods reclining on the hearth. It seemed simple, really. Screw the rods to the brush, ram it up the chimney and keep adding rods until the sudden lack of pressure reveals the brush has triumphantly surmounted the chimney pot.



I set to the job with a will. I pushed the brush up the chimney, screwed on a rod, pushed, screwed on another rod. The utter simplicity of it struck me in a flash....I had the wrong occupation. As a dactyloscopist, I was flogging my meagre mental resources to the limit, when I could probably earn much more money by ramming rods up and down chimneys. It was a fascinating discovery. I fitted on a few more rods, and shoved with gusto. Soot began to cascade onto the hearth, and Diane, marvelling at my new-found ability, started to sweep it up and shovel it into a sack. More rods...more agitation...more soot. Then, when I was almost down to my last rod, a sudden feeling of freedom announced I had forced the brush into the upper atmosphere.

"I'll just jiggle up and down a bit, Diane," I said, "and the job is done."

Diane had filled two sacks, and I started to withdraw the rods and unscrew them. When I decided I was halfway down the chimney, I started an anti-clockwise motion to try and remove every particle of soot from the brickwork inside the chimney. I screwed and pulled, screwed and pulled, screwed and pulled and shot across the room and landed against the far door with a length of rods and a bewildered expression on my face. It was unfortunate that en route I had collided with Diane, who had been looking inside a sack to see if there was enough space left for another shovel full of soot. However, she had had the foresight to don an old jumper and an old pair of slacks, and as I said back there, the room and contents were protected against soot. Admittedly we forgot about the ceiling, but I consoled myself with the thought that it was due to be whitewashed in the spring, anyway. Then again, there is such a thing as a contemporary black ceiling.....isn't there?

But anyway, I staggered to my feet, allowed my eyes to travel along the rods, and to my horror, saw that at the other end the brush was missing.

And then I knew.

I had obviously screwed the wrong way, and the blasted brush was stuck up the chimney.

I crossed to the fireplace and peered up at the filthy void (no offence, Greg.)

I reached up a nervous hand and groped around.

Hmmmmmmmm.

Nothing.

The Problem?

How to get the brushes down.

I speedily whipped the rods up the chimney again, and churned about with reckless abandon. I brought down two half-bricks and the splintered remains of the top rod wherein the brush was originally screwed.

By this time, however, Diane had got her head out of the sack, and the whites of her eyes looked uncanny in the gloom. Her hands clutched hungrily to one of the unused rods, but I told her I didn't need any assistance. I was determined to complete the sweeping operation by successfully recovering the brush. My desire was fermented by something more than principal. I knew I'd have to pay for a new brush head, and further, we wouldn't be able to have a fire, either....and outside it was rough.

With tightened jaws I pulled the rods back down again and tied a three inch long meat hook on to the end. I slammed the rods up again, added a couple more rods, then pulled down sharply. My theory was that the hook would catch in the brush and bring it down.

I must claim credit for the basic soundness of my theory. Yes, friends, the hook did undoubtedly catch the brush. I gritted my teeth, jammed my heels against the hearth, flexed my muscles and heaved.

Diane, with grim foresight, had sought refuge under the table, and as I flashed past, I caught the gleam of the whites of her eyes following my progress to the far door.

When I regained my composure, I found only a few of the rods in the room.

I crawled back to the chimney and groped round inside it. Nothing.

I grudgingly had to accept the fact that things were stacking up against me.

CLEARING UP NIGHT. Wednesday, 18th. December 1957 ad infinitum!....

In retrospect, I've got to admit that in America and Canada, where central heating is utilized on a much larger scale than over here, fen must have considerably more time for fanac than us pore critters on this side of the Atlantic. I mean, there can't be very much trouble such as I have experienced and described.

Sure, our new electric fire does serve to keep us warm if we all huddle round it. And dammit, my friend was reasonable and said there was no real hurry about buying him a new set of rods, although he was thinking of doing his own chimney before Christmas.

And one further observation...old and well worn it may be, but, weeeell, I declare with emphasis:

EVERY MAN TO HIS OWN TRADE

Ed Sullivan, speaking about a husband-and-wife team specializing in spinning dinner plates at high rates of speed on top of long, flexible poles, while telling jokes: "They're the greatest in their field."

.....passed along by Rog Ebert

A DODDERING COLUMN

BY

alan dodd

Quite recently an interesting event in the fantasy world of literature occurred when the copyright of the books of Bram Stoker lapsed in England. Stoker came to fame in the literary world with one book that has gone down in the history of horror -- DRACULA. /He wrote much better short stories, though...ever read "The Squaw"? RSC/

It's an unusual thing to note that probably the three greatest monsters of all time were all created by English authors; the FRANKENSTEIN monster by Mary W. Shelley, KING KONG by Edgar Wallace, and DRACULA by Bram Stoker.

The book of DRACULA first appeared in 1897, but it was an American film company that first filmed the story of the infamous vampire in a period of early sound pictures some twenty-six years ago -- and which can still be seen even today either as part of a double feature or in a more butchered form on television. Now the copyright has lapsed and it is possible for anyone almost to use the characters involved without paying royalties until the copyright is renewed. /Can it be renewed, after this long a time? RSC/

The British company of Hammer films who made THE COURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN and gathered a small fortune in the process is remaking the original, presumably with the same disastrous artistic results and the same rewarding financial ones. This is a contrast rather to the action of the late Bela Lugosi who played this role originally on the screen and had a great respect for the character that made him famous. A few short years before he died Lugosi toured the music halls with the play version of DRACULA and at the same time was offered the part of a vampire in a comedy film with Arthur Lucan, the character actor who always played the role of Old Mother Riley. The film was to be titled OLD MOTHER RILEY MEETS DRACULA. But Lugosi would not hear of his favourite role taken in vain and the eventual title decided on was OLD MOTHER RILEY MEETS THE VAMPIRE.

Since then the chief participants in the film have died -- all rather tragically. Lugosi of drugs in Hollywood and Old Mother Riley in the wings of The Empire, Hull. Even the theatres which both appeared in have been pulled down since to make way for useful warehouses, office buildings and other such delightful assets of a television dominated world.

There only remains, as a link with DRACULA, the son of Bram Stoker, Noel Stoker, who is now 77 years old and lives alone in London with his pet Pekinese Rosina. He is a retired accountant and never visits the cinema. Being an accountant Noel has had the monster carefully tabulated. A ledger shows the value of vampirism from 1912 when he personally became DRACULA's keeper on the death of his famous father. Sometimes he still dips into his own copy of DRACULA; he has never seen the first screen version of the book and doesn't want to see the latest epic, either. DRACULA is still paying, too -- the royalties last year amounted to the sizable sum of three hundred pounds.

I suppose you could say that Noel Stoker is the only man alive who is still living in -- ghouls' paradise???

STRANGE FRUIT

AN INFINITE NUMBER OF FANZINE REVIEWS BY R.S.C.

With the bulk of my generalzine reviews going to Bruce Pelz this time, I can concentrate on the odds and ends which generally get a bare mention. Beginning with: NEWSLETTERS

SCIENCE -FICTION TIMES (Science-Fiction Times, Inc., P.O. Box 184, Flushing 52, New York - irregular - 10¢ each or 24 for \$2) The newspaper of science fiction has fallen upon hard times. Formerly a regular bi-weekly paper, the schedule is now both irregular and late, so that quite often by the time SFT arrives the news that it carries is out of date. However, it still does carry all the pro news, eventually, and with more complete coverage than is given anywhere else. Recommended -- especially for fans whose sources of news are limited.

FANAC (Ron Ellik & Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California - 6 for 25¢ - British rates, 6 for 2/- from Archie Mercer - weekly) The #1 newsletter of fandom. It performs for fandom what SF TIMES does for professional publishing, and for the first 20 issues at least, it has done so on a regular schedule. Almost entirely fan news; convention notices, changes of address, deaths, lawsuits, letters, etc. Very highly recommended.

RUR (Dave Rike, 2431 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California - weekly - distributed free with FANAC, but ask for it from Rike, since as I get it, it isn't distributed to everyone who gets FANAC) This is mostly concerned with Rike, Rike's politics (which seem to rest on the assumptions that, first, our government is far from perfect, and, second, that if we all are good little people and abandon nuclear tests and ignore communism, the communists, who are no worse than our own leaders, will also be good little people and stop bothering us.) I'll grant his first assumption. As for the second, I guess it just proves that some people are incapable of learning anything from history.

THIS (Pete Graham, % Terry Carr - irregular - distributed with FANAC) A hodge-podge of comments on politics, fans, record prices, advertising, etc. Mildly interesting as a supplement to the other zines....I may disagree with Rike, but at least he does have something to say.

LE ZOMBIE #65 (Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois - very irregular - distributed with FANAC) 3 pages of Tucker is always worthwhile; I could wish it came out oftener; so far only one issue has been distributed. That's all for the FANAC mailing; all in all, it's one of the best things to hit fandom in some time. Rating for the whole bundle..8

RUMBLE (John Magnus, Jr., 6 S. Franklinton Rd., Baltimore 23, Md. - irregular but frequent - free for comment) Circulation of RUMBLE is, I think, somewhat restricted....maybe not -- I get that impression, but don't recall John ever actually saying anything of the sort. This one is largely concerned with national and international events, and Magnus's own crusade to destroy newspapers. Not too much really faaaanish mater-

ial, but John's comments are good reading, whether you agree with him or not. Get this one -- send Magnus a quarter as a start; it won't bankrupt you.

GAFIA (Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Virginia - weekly - free with RUMBLE) Since GAFIA has stuck, so far, to the weekly schedule, and RUMBLE hasn't, there has been at least one occasion when two GAFIAs arrived at the same time. This is more fannish; letters, comments, etc. on fannish subjects and fans. In the last issue, Ted objects to Juanita having laughed at him; like most people of what I consider his type, he seems a bit thin-skinned. "I'm in it to enjoy it" ("it" being fandom), he says in GAFIA #4. A quite proper attitude, too, but if you persist in enjoying it by jumping on other people, don't be so surprised when somebody jumps back. We like our fun too, you know. Rating of the RUMBLE mailing.....6

QUOTH THE WALRUS (Ralph M. Holland, 2520 4th. St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio - irregular - free to his friends) Fan views, largely slanted towards the N3F (after all, he is president of the outfit). Last issue is mostly a plea for moderation in the New York affair. It will undoubtedly meet the fate of most pleas for moderation.

MERDE #1 (Andrew Reiss, 741 Westminster Rd., Brooklyn 30, New York - very irregular - free). This isn't too meaty, but shows promise. It would show even more promise if it were better reproduced....outside of INSIDE, (now there's a situation for you) New York fanzines seem to all be poorly reproduced. Maybe Adkins and Pearson can give lessons, or something. You might try MERDE; after all, it is free.

THE INNAVIGABLE MOUTH #4 (Jean & Annie Linard, 24 rue petit, Vesoul, Haute-Saone, France - free - irregular) Linardzines must be seen to be appreciated -- and they are appreciated, by a large majority of fans, at least. This one represents Annie's first attempt to do the entire job of writing and publishing -- comes off very well.

PROPAGANDA AND ONE-SHOTS

THE SWINGING BORE (Bill Rickhardt, 21175 Goldsmith, Farmington, Mich. - free - irregular) #5 bore the sinister warning, "Last Issue". Don't know if this means that the mag is folding or just that I haven't been responding enough to keep me on the mailing list (which, God knows, I haven't). At any rate, the 5 issues we have present an enjoyable collection of anecdotes on Michigan fandom, news, propaganda, etc. Definitely not a staid, serious publication.

OBGIS (Jerry DeMuth, 3223 Ernst St., Franklin Park, Illinois - free - irregular) Somewhat more serious than the above, and not as palatable. In #1, Jerry says "Chicago is the only city in the Midwest where one can see such special films as 'South Pacific', 'Around The World In 80 Days', and Cinerama's 'Search For Paradise'....." After receiving considerable criticism for this, in issue # 2 he says "besides I didn't say that none of these special films are shown in Detroit".....but you quite definitely did say that, Jerry. Detroit is a MidWestern city, especially in reference to con-sites, which is what you were talking

about. If it wasn't, it wouldn't be bidding against you. Frankly, I doubt that OBGIS has done the Chicago cause much good.
VEHMERICT (Tom Reamy, 4243 Buena Vista, Dallas 5, Texas - irregular - free) This boosts both the Southwestercon and the Dallas Worldcon bid. As the Southwestercon was held over the July 4th weekend and Dallas will get or lose the next Worldcon over the Labor Day weekend, I predict a short future for V, which has concentrated solely on con bulletins.
IMPOSSIBLE #1 (Colin Cameron, 2561 Ridgeview Dr., San Diego 5, Calif) Commemorating the acquisition by Cameron of a mimeo.
A 1 SHOT 2 FREE 4 YOU (Jim Caughran & Pierre Versins, Primerose 38, Lausanne, Switzerland) Commemorating an historic meeting.

SHOULD'A BEEN INCLUDED IN THE NEWSLETTER DEPARTMENT.....
STUPEFYING STORIES #34 (Richard Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Va. -- irregular? - free?) Fairly thick -- fanzine reviews, letters, a report on the Disclave, and Eney-type comments. Thickest of the newsletters....17 pages. Worth getting.

SWEDISH

IT (Hans Sidén, Dämmevägen 6, Gothenburg C, Sweden - no price, schedule, or anything else listed) "The only fanzine with aspirin"...it is, too; not only is a packet of aspirin included (in powder form, yet; wonder if they have aspirin tablets in Sweden?), but also a safety match "for use when you've finished this zine". Roughly half in English, the zine has some nice original humor, as well as more usual neofannish items. In case I forget to write, Hans, pig-iron is iron which is smelted into pigs.

ANDROMEDA (Sam J. Lundwall, Framlingsvägen 33, Stockholm Hägersten, Sweden) I think this is the official organ of the Cosmos s-f club. All in Swedish, so it's hard to tell. Photo-offset cover of something....I think the cover illo must be in Swedish, too.

FHAN #3 (George Sjöberg, Dalagatan 31 nb., Stockholm Va., Sweden - co-editors or something, Hans Sidén, Bo Stenfors, Alf Johansson) All Swedish, except for a column by Dodd and the usual readable article by John Berry. The editors request material.

URVOAT (Clas-Otto Wene, Finjavägen 26, Tyringe, Sweden) Small English supplement, this time devoted to a review of "Åniara", a book of stf poems published in Sweden. Interesting but short.

OFFBEAT

AMATEUR'S CORRESPONDENT (John E. Bowles, 802 So. 33rd. St., Louisville 11, Kentucky - 10¢, 10 for \$1 - published 10 times a year) I have nothing against amateur magazines which take up other hobbies besides stf, but this one is so awfully amateur. For example, this issue features articles on printing, presidents of the United States, and Communism. I am a long way from being an expert on any of these, but I didn't learn anything from these articles, which feature advice such as the following on printing handbills; "If it's something with a lot of reading, use a readable face". I suppose there are people who don't know enough to use a readable typeface on a handbill, but I doubt if articles are going to help them. The article on Communism is similarly obvious. There is also a lot of bad science fiction and a column whose author says that

our only trouble as a nation is the fact that we're getting away from God. Not recommended for reading; he could use some material, though. VIEWS AND COMMENTS #27 (P.O. Box 261, New York 3, N. Y. - monthly - 10¢ or 12 for \$1) A publication of the Libertarian League, which seems to be an organization of idealistic Socialists. Seem to be about as impractical as you can get, though their ideals are very nice, they are also very unworkable.

EAST & WEST #33 (Peter Campbell, Birkdale Cottage, Brantfell, Windermere Westmorland, England - quarterly - 4 for 6/- or \$1, sample copy for 2 3d stamps or equivalent; about 2 5¢ stamps, here) The only occult fanzine that I know of, and the only fanzine that I know of which is superior to the professional publications of the same type. Oh, sure, there are the usual horoscopes and similar drivel, but there are also some quite interesting and entertaining articles. Some of our readers who have asked MZB to do a column on Satanism would doubtless enjoy the article by "Luxintenebris" on Witchcraft (which, he avers, is not Satanism) and the various arguers on religion should like "Father And Son" by J. H. G. Clay. I'll never get around to commenting, Peter, but I thoroughly enjoyed the Luxintenebris article and hope you have more of them. And I highly recommend EAST & WEST to any fan who is even mildly interested in religion or the occult.

NEW HORIZONS #3 (Fred Hibbard, 1407 Park St., Dodge City, Kansas - quarterly - \$5 for 4 issues) Thick thing; 63 half-sized pages. The center spread shows, with figures and all, how even at these rates they aren't making money. Synergetics doesn't seem to improve business acumen much. Otherwise, the mag takes up dysergy, protodynes, null-A awareness, and stuff like that. They seem to take it all very seriously; I don't, but then I seldom take anything very seriously. Sometime back I also received something called OPERATION TRAVERSE, which seems to be a synergetic do-it-yourself kit (their phrase, not mine) prepared by Art Coulter. One of the lead paragraphs of this reads: "This is an advanced procedure. It is a power tool. It should only be undertaken with the help of a competent coach, unless you have developed the ability to work effectively by yourself." (Their underlining.) Frankly, I'm not too sure they should be passing these power tools out so promiscuously to fanzine editors. I mean, I haven't developed any ability... of course, maybe Coulter didn't like my last review of NEW HORIZONS.....

GENERALZINES

Detailed reviews will be in ProFANity; this will just list recent arrivals and give a rating. For new readers, my ratings run from 1 (bad) to 10 (outstanding). A 4, 5, or 6 rating denotes a fanzine which is about average. Anything over that is definitely recommended; anything under that is not recommended.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #115, 116, 117 (Box 92, 920 3rd. Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 25¢, 5 for \$1, 12 for \$2) Rating.....7.
FLOY #13 (Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthur's Ave., Harrogate, Yorkshire, England - irregular - 15¢ or 4 for 50¢ - US agent Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd. Ave., Hyattsville, Md.) Rating.....8
APORRHETA #1 (H.P. Sanderson, 7 Inchmery Rd. Catford, London SE 6, England - irregular - free?) Rating....4

F and SF (Pierre Versins, Primerose 38, Lausanne, Switzerland - irregular - free for comment) Rating.....4

TRIODE #14 (Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England - quarterly - 20¢ or 6 for \$1 - US agent Dale R. Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave, Minneapolis 22, Minnesota) Rating.....6

SATELLITE #7 (Don Allen, 34a Cumberland St., Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, England - irregular - 1/- or 15¢ ea., 3 for 2/6 or 40¢) Rating.....5

RETRIBUTION #10 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland - irregular - 15¢) Rating.....8

QUIRK #? (Larry Ginn, Route 2, Box 81, Choudrant, Louisiana - irregular - 10¢) Rating.....5

MUZZY #18 (Claude Hall, 2214 San Antonio, Austin 5, Texas - irregular - 15¢) Rating.....6

GEMZINE #4/19 (G. M. Carr, 5319 Ballard, Seattle 7, Washington - quarterly - no price listed but try 20¢) Rating.....8

THE BEST OF FANDOM, 1957 (Guy E. Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho - annual - 35¢) Rating.....10

THE VINEGAR WORM (Bob Leman, 2701 So. Vine St., Denver 10, Colorado - irregular - free?) This is #3 Rating.....9

SPHERE (P.O. Box 196, Cantonment, Florida -- though my last letter to that address came back -- bi-monthly - 20¢ or 6 for \$1) Rating.....4

THRICE IN A BLUE MOON (Dave Cohen, 32 Larch St., Hightown, Manchester 8, Lancs., England -- irregular - try 15¢) Rating.....5

JOE-JIM #1 (Jim O'Meara, 1223 W. 97th. Pl., Chicago 43, Illinois - co-editor Joe Sarno - irregular - 15¢ or 2 for 25¢) Rating.....5

JD#28 (Lynn Hickman, 304 No. 11th., Mt. Vernon, Illinois - irregular - 20¢ or 6 for \$1) Good but thin. Rating.....4

PAUCITY #2 (Larry Stone, 891 Lee St., White Rock, B.C., Canada - quarterly - 2 for 25¢, 4 for 50¢, 8 for \$1) Rating.....5

MISC. #2 (Andrew Joel Reiss, 741 Westminster Rd., Brooklyn 30, New York - irregular - free for comment) Rating.....3

OMINVORE #2 (Bob Ross, 955 E. Walnut St., Frankfort, Ind. - irregular - 15¢ or 4 for 60¢) Rating.....3

VARIOSO 16 (John Magnus, 6 So. Franklinton Rd., Baltimore 23, Md. - irregular - 25¢ or 6 for \$1) Rating.....4

BRILLIG #12 (Lars Bourne, 2436½ Portland St., Eugene, Oregon - irregular - 15¢ or 60¢ per year) Not of interest to fans. Rating.....3

SIGMA OCTANTIS #8 (John Mussells, 4 Curve St., Wakefield, Mass. - irregular - 15¢, 2 for 25¢, 8 for \$1) Mostly fiction Rating.....5

KIWIFAN #? (Roger Horrocks, 18 Hazelmere Rd., Auckland SW1, New Zealand - no schedule listed - 1/-....try 25¢, postage is high) Rating.....5

VAMPIRE TRADER #5 (Stony Brook Barnes, Rt. 1, Box 1102, Grants Pass, Oregon - monthly - 10¢ or 3 for 25¢) Strictly for collectors

FRINGE #1 (Mal Ashworth, 40 Makin St., Tong St., Bradford 4, Yorks., England -- can you get it outside of FAF and waiting-list?) Rating...5

PROFANITY #2 (Bruce Pelz, Box 3255 Univ. Station, Gainesville, Florida - irregular - 15¢ or 2 for 25¢) Looks like I'll have to review this here. He's expanded; #1 had bad mimeoing; #2 had bad mimeoing and bad dittoing both. Letters, poems by Elinor Poland, bibliography of the works of Kornbluth, an article by Dainis Bisenieks, more poetry. Nothing outstanding, nothing particularly bad. But until he improves his mimeoing, the rating is.....3

ONE FAN'S OPINION

G.H. SCITHERS -

An argument that one keeps hearing in this incorporation matter is that incorporation protects the convention committee from personal liability and isn't that nice.

Ha.

In the first place, just as soon as a convention goes really bankrupt and leaves a few hundred dollars of unpaid debts (and maybe even sooner) hotel managers are going to demand that the convention committee agree to be personally liable for all financial arrangements. As a matter of fact, quite a few business firms decline to extend credit to small, financially unstable corporations unless some corporation officer does agree -- in writing -- to personally guarantee any unpaid bills.

In the second place, if a convention leaves unpaid debt, that convention committee may escape liability but the corporation does not; which means that money collected by the next year's convention committee can be seized to pay the debts of the previous ones. Sneary and the Moffatts could easily be faced with the problem of paying for not only this year's convention but also the divers debts of the previous ones.

As for the argument that the board of directors can force an accounting of funds -- it is very good in theory, but there are drawbacks. For one thing, convention committees do not operate very well under threat of lawsuit. For another, the board of directors can exercise unreasonable control over the activity of the convention committee ("We find that the expenditure of fifty dollars for printing convention booklets to be excessive and unwarranted. Please remit this amount at once or face legal proceedings instituted in the city, county, and state of New York.") And as an officer of a New York corporation (remember?) the poor committee member would probably find himself obligated to defend the suit in New York.

And finally, as the recent spate of legal activity should emphasize, if anyone sues the corporation, for defamation of character by an officer of the corporation acting in his official capacity, for example, it is the funds in the hands of a convention committee that might be seized to pay any judgement.

In summation, I think that incorporation was and is a horrible mistake. A local group putting on a convention might do well to incorporate; that is its own affair, and will affect neither the following convention nor be affected by the mistakes of the previous one. Incorporation of the World Science Fiction Society, on the other hand, seems to be an invitation to financial irresponsibility on the one hand, and tedious lawsuits on the other.

The last rum on earth sat along in a nook.
There was a man at the door.

Gene DeWeese



Reflections at Thirty-Two

— FROM — ed wood —

Ten months after the advent of Alpha 1957 and the American rocket and space satellite effort presents a most uninspiring picture. The money is there, the people are there, but where is the leadership? Considering the hundreds of millions of dollars that have been poured into the missile and rocket field, the harvest has been miserable in the extreme. Because one person is incompetent, it is a mistake to believe the next man is equally or even more incompetent.

One hears statements to the effect that "fantasy does not sell in America". Since this corresponds to the realization of a fly after he's been swatted that he's had it, it expresses a profound reality. Yet one wishes that H. L. Gold and the others like him had paid attention to those fans who have devoted a great deal of time and effort to understand and analyze the microcosm of science fiction. One might turn back to the pages of FANTASY COMMENTATOR, Winter 1949-50 and read: "Unknown Worlds...Regardless of the quality of the stories, regardless of how treasured it has become to collectors, there are simply not enough people in this

country interested in this brand of fantasy to create a successful magazine. This fact must be faced." "The Face Of Fantasy:1950" page 98.....Sam Moscowitz.

Just think of all the money BEYOND and the others would not have lost had their publishers looked at the ugly squalid facts instead of "fantasy" pipedreams./But look at the half-dozen or more superb fantasy stories which would never have seen print if the publishers of FANTASY FICTION had been smart enough not to publish it. RSC/

There must be something innate in New York fandom that hungers for strife. Surely the participants in the current hoodo cannot possibly bring glory to fandom and/or science fiction regardless of the outcome. If the fans involved cannot bring themselves to resolves the unhappy situation in the quickest possible time, at the very least they can have the good taste to be discreetly silent. Now one will win because no one can win.

From FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND one can only conclude that it was an evil day when Forrest J. Ackerman learned to type. From the insipid photographs to the childishly absurd text, the publication was conceived from the lowest possible denominator of customer. As such it is a commercial success. Since success breeds competition, the arrival of WORLD FAMOUS CREATURES was only a matter of time. Unfortunatly there will be others. And the saddest part of all is that the horror/fantasy film has

a long and illustrious past fully deserving of careful study.

With all the horror quickies being made and shown on the screen these days, it was a pleasant shock to see "Curse Of The Demon", directed by the great Jacques Tourneur. This cinematic masterpiece must be seen a number of times to appreciate Tourneur's filmic genius. It is after seeing the work of a master craftsman that one can understand how artistically depraved is the typical Hollywood bungler.

The magazines come and the magazines go but ASTOUNDING remains.... After twenty years of John W. Campbell, Jr. ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION is in top position and a firm bulwark of magazine science fiction.

Whatever happened to H. L. Gold's attempt to wrest first place from Campbell? GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION /No longer; it's GALAXY MAGAZINE now.. RSC/ is now with charity considered a poor third. Another year like the past one and it won't even be listed among the first line magazines.

The personality of Anthony Boucher is so much a part of THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION that it is difficult to see how anyone would or could edit the magazine and retain the Boucher touch. According to the best guesses in the field, the magazine has never been a commercial success. Yet, everything considered, Boucher has been a good editor. Perhaps he will return as editor. The title of the magazine is an albatross if there ever was one.

The Ziff-Davis twins have good circulation but little else. One of Fairman's good deeds might be to get rid of Valigursky. FANTASTIC and AMAZING vie with each other for the worst covers in the field. Fairman seems to be trying to do something with the magazines but with the uneven contents it is difficult to understand exactly what. One might even begin to wish for the halcyon days of Ray Palmer!

How many magazines will be suspended in 1958? It is always a mystery as to why one magazine will flourish and another magazine with equal or better qualities just withers away. Why do magazines like VENTURE, IMAGINATION, SUPER-SCIENCE, AMAZING, etc., continue while magazines like STAR, STARTLING, THRILLING WONDER and so many others have folded? It is interesting to speculate as to the reasons. It is surely not a simple solution but rather a curious mixture of publishing and distribution tangibles and intangibles.

Why isn't there one story from ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION in Merril's 3rd annual volume, SF: THE YEAR'S GREATEST SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY? Surely the "special section" could have been left out for an ASTOUNDING contribution. In spite of the exaggeration of the title, it is a good buy at 35¢. But there must be better stories somewhere. Either there is a poverty of ideas and stories in the science fiction field or there is a poverty of good anthologists.



The last man on earth sat alone in a London police station. There was a mark at the door.....

.....Dean A. Grennell

through time & space
with grendell briarton

BY - *ferdinand feghoot*



The Jervites did have interesting native customs, give them credit for that. The Summer Sunrise Festival, for one. Or the First Winter's Rain. All their witchcraft seemed to be centered around nature - the seasons, the forest, and so on. The various rituals, especially the death ceremonies, were so complicated that it required an entire Survey team to cipher them out.

I got myself involved in the Death Customs through a curious set of circumstances. Being the Mixer (or, officially, the Native Relations Expediter) my job was to live with a native family while the Planetary Survey was being completed. As jobs go, it was OK; one group of five had to stay in their

spacesuits for the entire stay. In case we all dropped dead of some local malady, their jobs was to bring home the news.

Compared to them, my job was soft. I made my home with a genial native boy of about 20, and his aging father. Kondo, he called himself, and his father he called Bondorama, Konnie and Bonnie, to me.

Generally, we sat around in the shade of the thatch hut, soaking up the relaxed atmosphere, 99.9% Earth Norm. Every afternoon around 14, Bonnie would disappear into some nearby woods, and return with an armload of assorted roots, gathered from native trees. These he would carefully pile in a corner of the hut we shared. Over half the hut was packed by the roots, but when I asked Konnie about it, he would invariably shrug and pass it off with, "Bondorama...he gets old."

I had enjoyed this comfortable hospitality for over a year when the expected came about. Konnie had been watching his aged father closely for some time, and sure enough, the old gentleman began to show the signs of old age. His daily trips to the forest became shorter, and his armloads of roots smaller.

Then one night, as the planet lay wrapped in slumber, Konnie's dad passed on.

The next morning, having been told by a neighbor of the death, I hastened to offer my condolences to the son. Surprisingly, the boy was busily engaged in constructing what looked like a box from the pile of his father's carefully collected roots.

"I heard about Bondorama," I said. "I'm sorry."
"Sorry?" he asked. "Why be sorry? It was fitting. Even now, I make his last resting place. It is an old fashioned custom, to be buried in such a box."

I looked carefully at the box made of roots. It did resemble a coffin.

"And your father will be buried in that?"

"You are right." Already, as the box neared completion, Konnie began to look even cheerier. "All that remains is the transparent stone for the top."

"You must mean glass," I said.

"Glass....." he thought. "Yes, glass. I will need glass."

Later, I met him hauling the large sheet of plate glass toward the hut. He had evidently begged it from McDonald, our quartermaster. I couldn't imagine the stingy supplies master giving such a large sheet of the valuable plate to a native.

"How did you get McDonald to give it to you?" I inquired.

"Oh it was easy. I just asked him for the glass for dad's old fashioned root bier."

The last man on Earth sat alone in a machine shop.
There was an arc at the door.

Tom Stratton

FOR SALE - RECORDS - TOSCA, 2 vol. Beniamino Gigli, tenor, and others. Chorus and orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Rome, Oliviero de Fabritiis, Cond., RSC Victor. AIDA, 2 vol. Dusolina Gianini and Others. Chorus and orchestra of La Scala Opera Company, Maestro Carlo Sabajno, Cond., RCA.
- BOOKS - first editions - DRUMS OF AULONE by Robt. W. Chambers. BLITHDALE ROMANCES by Nat'l Hawthorne. THE MUCKER by E.R. Burroughs. LAST OF THE MOHIGANS by James Fenimore Cooper (!!) Will take best offers. Also have many mags at 5¢ to 15¢; send for list. Everything in this list is mint condition except THE MUCKER, which is fair condition.
John W. Thiel, 2934 Wilshire, Markham, Illinois

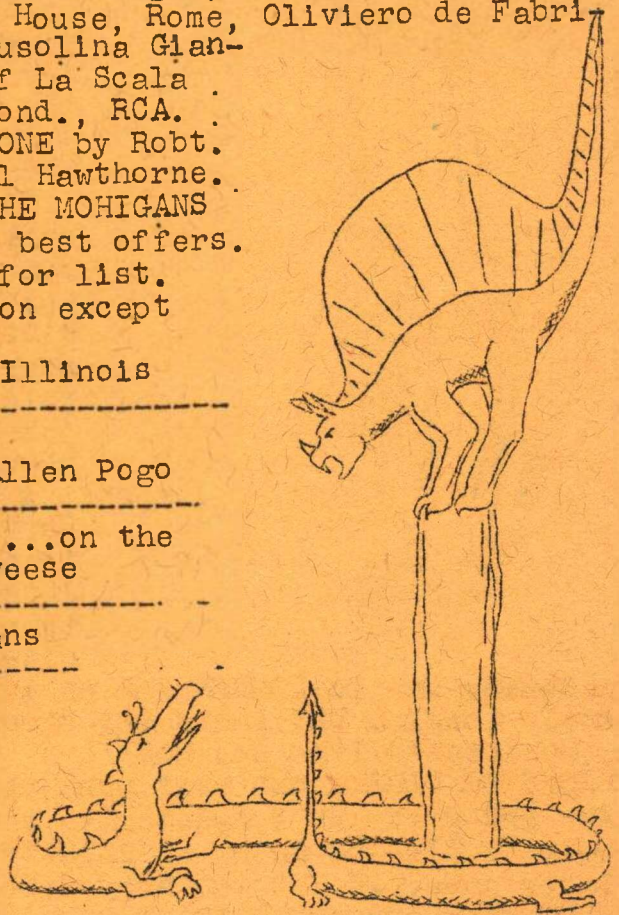
Noah sat alone in his room.
There was an Ark at the door. Edgar Allen Pogo

"But everything round has four corners....on the inside, at least."
bev deweese

"Follow that bird!" E. Everett Evans

The last man in the world sat alone
in a bar on Xmas eve.
There was a nog at the door.
Dean Grennell

The last man on earth sat alone in
a candy store.
There was a nougat the door.
James R. Adams



N.Y. INSIDE

A COLUMN FROM ——— *dan adkins*

Well, HUMBUG will have one more issue, out this month, and then goodbye. Old Kurtzman owes too much to the printers, and in plain words, he's throwing in the towel. Damn shame as I like it much better than MAD.

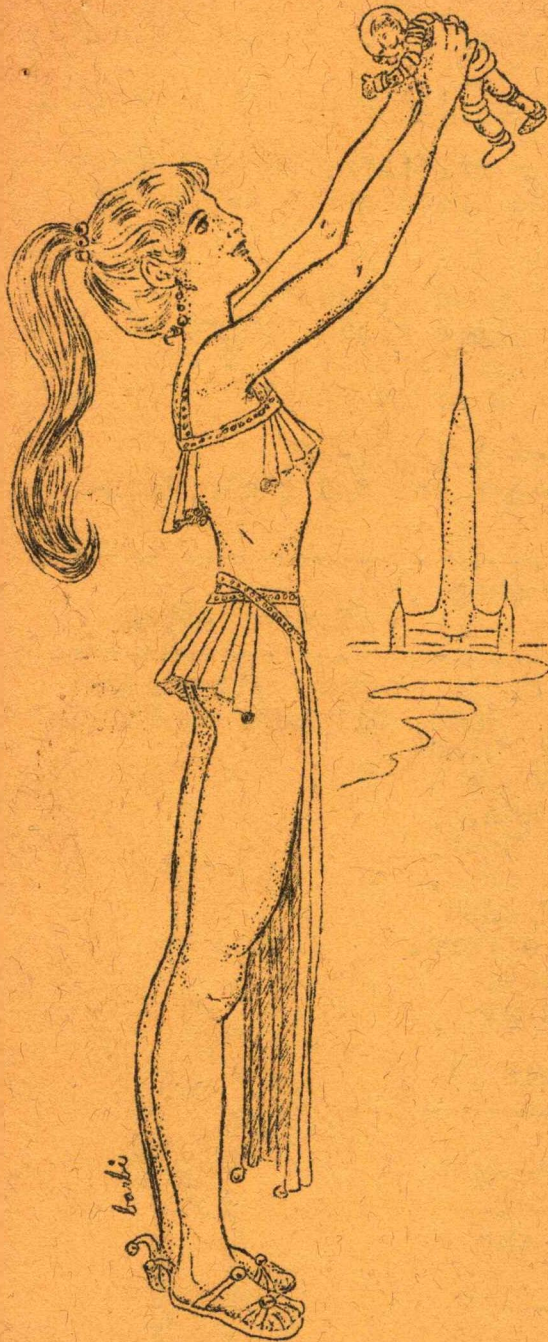
There isn't much happening as far as New York is concerned in the way of fannish interest. Not that interests me, anyway. A few faneds are changing names of fanzines, and others are taking over fanzines, but that's all dull to me. These New York personnel are very confusing fans and everyone but Ron Smith just seem to throw their zines together over a weekend. /The zines look like it, too. RSC/ I could tell of the parties I go to down in Greenwich Village. They certainly aren't dull. Confusing, but not dull.

I'd just as soon stay out of the Kyle business, for it's little more than a farce. Kyle pulled a fast one, so more power to him if he can get away with it. Frank Dietz says it'll be two years before Kyle ever gets him to court; then the whole thing will most likely be tossed out. Big joke. Some people who are supposed to be known as mature adults are pretty silly.

A lot of fans come here on weekends; Lin Carter, Ron Smith and Dave MacDonald, the intelligent ones. Then, Ghod, there's Jesse Leaf, who is a young, not too bad teenager; Andy Reiss who is nice...loud but nice. Then there is fourteen year old Les-

lie Gerber who is LOUDER and an idiot. The kid knows more big words than I could imagine but lacks any common sense. /Yes, we corresponded, briefly. He doesn't like me. RSC/

MONSTER PARADE out next week with a very pretty colored cover, not black and white as I originally thought. #2 will have an Emsh cover and I believe I'll be doing an illustration for the second issue also. /From a later note.../ Not too many fans cared for the magazine. Too childish. The stories are awful trite and pulpish. This mag and INFINITY are the only two I'll be working for till I find some free time. Fandom keeps me



so damn busy and the thing is, I like working for fandom a lot more than prozines. Don't ask me why when I get paid for pro work.

Richard R. Smith and I have finally gotten together on the comic strip deal with his agent, now my agent as well. Our hero: RICK POWERS. This is what's keeping me so busy lately. Have some fifty panels to do as samples within a month and that isn't an easy thing to do after working all day. But, if this thing sells, I'll be rolling in that good old green stuff. You always said I had a comic book style and I agree. I like tight drawings, but now and then I like to get away from it and do some other type. Doing wash drawings for men's magazines interests me also and I'm doing some samples along that line.

Then, SATA has to be done. I'm pushing most or at least part of the artwork on that off to George Barr, the best fan artist I've seen, bar none, and that includes Austin, Hunter and Cobb. Pearson has flipped over him and insists I stop messing around and do some good art. Sometimes I don't think he's grateful for my efforts and I do some of my better art for SATA, too.....

Nothing new on the Mercury magazines, VENTURE and F&SF. They're hanging by their thumbs.

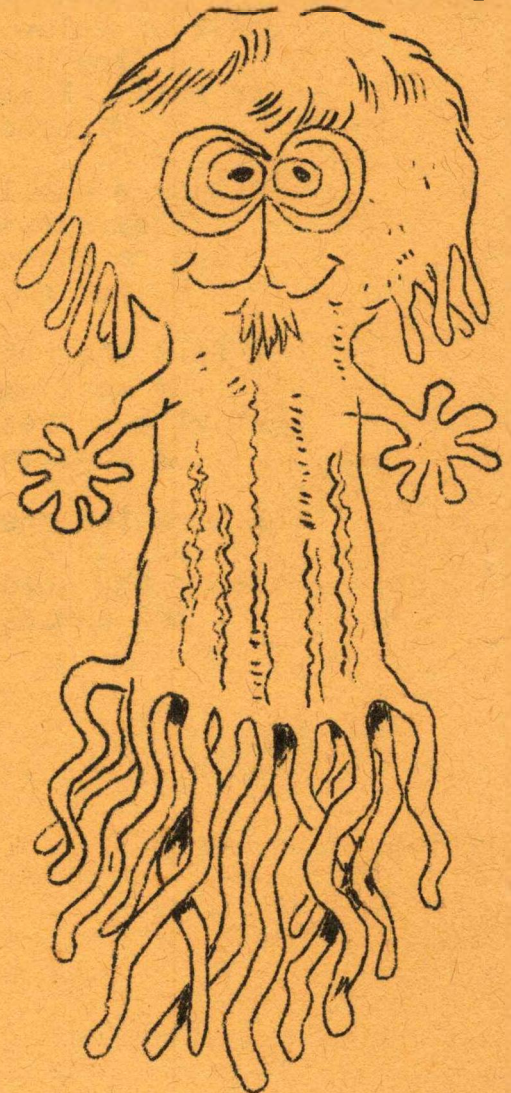
If I find the time, I might be doing work for GALAXY and/or ASTOUNDING next month. Plan on staying here till Oct. at least. /From a later note...../ I'm returning to Arizona Sept. 15th. Of course I'm returning to New York within a year most likely. I have an idea what all the magazines want and when I return I'll be ready to be a full time pro.

Say, can I be considered a pro if I sell to ASTOUNDING? How's about a BNF? No? Oh well. How does one become a BNF anyway? I'd rather just be a conceited kid I guess..... noticed in one of the Calif. zines that Redd Boggs cut me down for liking Presley. Some thing about teenagers defending the country. Wonder if he thinks he could do a better job than Presley or me. I may act like a teenager but I'm in my early twenties and I made sergeant, three stripes in 18 months and that's the fastest one can do... SKYHOOK is a good zine, but I'd say Boggs knows no more of what he's talking about than I do.

INSIDE is finally finished and will be off to the printers soon and out in August, I guess. Takes about a month to get it back from the printers, for they're in St. Louis.

You mean there isn't a printing establishment in New York City?

".....you're too hasty altogether, Mr. Coulson."
...Jack Mann



DRACULA

BY—*joe lee sanders*

When from the trials and cares of life
I rested longer than men should,
I sampled of the darkest drink
And thought that it was altogether good.

The town below my mountaintop retreat--
A tiny heap of thrown-together things--
Was ruled, I knew, from far away
By Wizards of the Magic Ring.

I flung a challenge at the gods;
They answered with a look of final hush.
My eye no longer saw the light of day,
My ear no longer heard the singing thrush.

I felt the reaper's gliding scythe,
My soul was bathed in dying pain,
But with a breath of Living Death
My body rose again.

A word for thought I leave with thee
So, to my warning, hark.
Abhor the shadow of the night,
And shrink from knowledge dark.

THE BALLAD OF LITTLE BILLY RUMBLEGUTS

/Note: all you people who disliked the story can skip this page...some people not only liked it, but added a verse or two to the ballad. And a warning to those who did like it -- no further verses will be published. So don't bother sending them in. RSC/

Little Billy Rumbleguts
Stowaway was he
Saved the crew, when off he flew
On the Nell, you see.

Little Billy Rumbleguts
Proffered one last suggestion
Be careful when you eat me,
I cause acid indigestion.

Little Billy Rumbleguts
Heroic little man
Soared the stars, up to Mars
For he was a fan.

Little Billy Rumbleguts
Isn't feeling well
And since I've eaten Billy
My stomach feels like hell.

Little Billy Rumbleguts
The spaceway trails flew
With fabled ease, he saved X-T's
'Till landing in a stew.

Little Billy Rumbleguts
Departed, bless his soul.
Remains with us till morning
Till we flush him down the bowl.

R. Warwick, Jr.

Nick & Noreen Falasca

CHEMICAL STFINITIONS

The entire responsibility for these rests with Bruce Pelz.

Chlorine.....chlorous girl	Tin.....five and five
Germanium.....a flower	Nitrogen.....explosive liquor
Halide.....Chinese frat outing	Catalyst.....feline pedigree
Methane.....I'm the chief	Ketone.....piano note
Hydrazine.....mag for skin-divers	Olefin.....large animal with trunk
Iodide...Juno got mad at her	Bismuth.....occupation
Polysaccharide.....put the parrot in the bag for the trip	

RECOMMENDED READING

FADS AND FALLACIES IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE by Martin Gardner (Dover, \$1.50)

This is the "expensive paperback" type binding. With reasonable care, it will last as long as you want it. This belongs on the shelf of every stf fan.....Gardner takes up all the cults that have been associated with, or mention in, stf, and adds a few that I'd never heard of before. If it has a drawback, it is the fact that Gardner is as much biased in favor of "orthodox" science as Charles Fort was biased against it. But this needn't stop you from enjoying the book, for Gardner's exposés of dianetics, Shaverism, Lawsonomy, fundamentalism, flying saucers, psi powers, the Gravity Research Foundation, food faddists, medical cults, and many more are pure entertainment, even if you happen to believe in one of the theories he is taking apart. RSC

GRUMBLINGS

BETTY KUJAWA, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana

Have been corresponding with Elinor Poland since she joined fandom - nice gal, by the way - has a mind and uses it. She writes that she is sending you some of her poems - wanted to know just what type you liked -- have been digging thru all my back issues of YANDRO -- am amazed at the high quality of the poems and verses therein!!

JOHN KONING, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio

Elinor Poland (you know, one of those NFFF people) mentioned that she'd love to see a copy of YANDRO but understood they were hard to get. I told her to write you about it, so perhaps you can use the subber....

SETH A. JOHNSON, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, New Jersey

I am going to take the liberty of forwarding your letter to Elinor Poland who will no doubt want to meet you via the mails.

/As we've received nothing from Elinor to date, I sort of doubt her anxiety to meet me, but by God everybody else sure seems eager for us to get together! RSC/

FRED W. ARNOLD, RFD 15, Box 368, Richmond, Virginia

In the June issue of the ATLANTIC there is an article by Guy Dumur called "The House of Gallimard", which may be of interest to your readers. On page 34 author Dumur is talking about a joke played on the French writer Jean Paulhan: "Only recently some young writers had a post card printed up which they sent around to their friends. On one side it contained nothing but the words: 'Jean Paulhan does not exist.' Paulhan, however, was flattered by this delicate attention. 'This has never been said except of God and myself,' was his characteristic retort."

I think you will agree that Paulhan should have said, "God, myself and Alan Dodd."

DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Avenue, North Hollywood, Calif.

Marion Bradley's interesting article on astronomy reminded me of one of my pet peeves in science fiction (of which I have a kennelful); stories which mention in the same breath, "Sirius, Vega, Arcturus and the rest of the Galaxy", which is like saying "New York, Hackensack, Jersey City and the rest of North America."

I wouldn't be caught dead with an astrology magazine. Must you consult them for planet positions? What's the matter with SKY AND TELESCOPE? Let's have some loyalty to Science. Quit buying astrology books and subscribe to Campbell's fanzine, JOURNAL OF THE INTERPLANETARY EXPLORATION SOCIETY.

/What's wrong with astrology mags? Some of them have beautiful Finlay illustrations. Incidentally, this is as good a place as any to inform Marion that so far we have half a dozen positive requests for a column on Satanism, and nobody opposed. RSC/

BOBBY GENE WARNER, 745 Eldridge St., Orlando, Florida

.....So I sat down, penned a letter to my oldtime friend, Claude Raye Hall, editor of MUZZY. He was rather surprised that I wanted to return

from my relatively obscure position, and offered to publish some of my recent material and furnish me with some markets. This he did, and now I'm groping my way back into the erratic land of Fanzines, Editors-Stf, etc. I find things changed -- and how! I'm looking for more and more markets; and I would appreciate any help along these lines that you could furnish. I only know of perhaps half a dozen zines, and I'm turning out material too rapidly to keep circulating within this circle. /Okay, fellow-editors, there you are. I've only seen two of Bob's stories; one of them will be in YANDRO sometime. Good fiction writer, from what I can tell. RSC/

JOHN W. THIEL, 2934 Wilshire St., Markham, Illinois

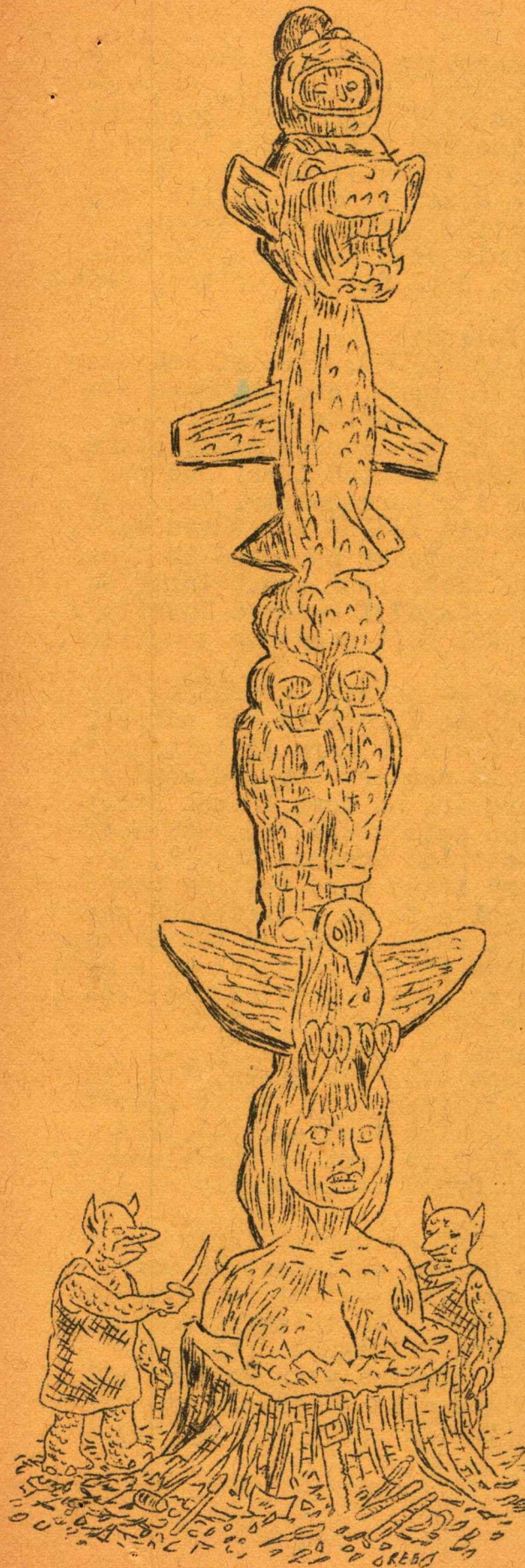
I'd like to ask for more Thomas Stratton in YANDRO. I've missed them sorely; it seemed to be a part of YANDRO in the past, and in those neo-fannish days the humorous movie reviews were my favorite part of the magazine, even though I had hardly grown out of the horror movie stage when I joined EISFA and fandom. Another thing...I think Larry Bourne was right when he said YANDRO'd lost some of its personality. The only resemblance between your fanzine now and the old YANDRO are those editorial cartoons (the best art in the issue). Whatever happened to those two gastronomically contented Bems on yours, tho?...and something else yet...Howcum you answer all the letters these days? I enjoyed Juanita's replies too, and I do wish she would handle the letter column sometimes. Juanita is just not around enough.

/John also asked that we not print his letter -- usually we follow any such request, but I'd already typed it up before I noticed his note... and since he hadn't said anything libelous, I see no harm in letting it stand. Besides, there might be a few other old readers who are wondering about some of those questions. Briefly, there are no more Thomas Stratton movie reviews because Thomas and Stratton seldom see the same movies anymore. There is some half-finished T.S. material around, though, so we'll see.....I thought those same Bems every issue were getting monotonous, so in a moment of madness I asked Juanita to do a different cartoon for Rumblings. She said she'd do it if I would think up the ideas, and now I spend half an hour or so every issue trying to think of a column heading. I'll see about getting Juanita to answer some of the letters sometime. Didn't realize I'd taken over so thoroughly. RSC/

NICK & NOREEN FALASCA, 5612 Warwick Dr., Parma 29, Ohio

I'm particularly interested in the argument over Von Braun. (1). He was once a Nazi. (2). He is now an American citizen. (3). If it wasn't for his Redstone missile we would still be looking foolish. (4). Von Braun has little to do with engine design. That is left to the aircraft companies and consultants from Cal Tech. Von Braun is primarily an airframe designer.

About the morality of Von Braun. I doubt that he particularly cares who or what country he works for so long as he has equipment to work with. He joined the Nazi party at an early age, not out of any sympathies with Hitler but because he had conned Hitler into thinking something could be done with rockets. This was pretty good, because Hitler was pretty much down on scientists. When he first started with Poland, all scientists and technicians were conscripted and sent to the front with a great percentage of the physicists killed in the early stages. Yet it



can be shown that Von Braun was a gifted talker and could convince Hitler of almost anything. Goering, although high in the hierarchy, was unable to dissuade Hitler. Goering figuratively cried whenever he saw a V2 go up because he could think of it as only one less Messerschmidt at his command. In "Rockets, Missiles And Space Travel", the first edition, Von Braun comes off poorly, but in later revised editions Willy's attitude has changed, so that at one time you could read "that nazi, Von Braun" to the most recent "Werner and I". Werner, I think, would go to the Russians immediately if he thought they would give him a free hand to control his project. The V2 was a bit of cold calculation on his part. He is a cold man, bent on space travel. He is definitely a man without a country. Take him for what he is, but leave politics out of the discussion because I doubt if he has much use for it.

The only conventions I know of that lost money were New York, Philcon II, and London. Cleveland was quite successful. After all convention expenses, we had enough money left over to pay for ALL the liquor and mixes at the open party in the Cleveland Con Suite. NO ONE was turned out and no one was refused drinks; this lasted for four days. After we paid this bill we still had \$138 left over. We sent \$50 on to New York and kept \$83 for some emergency. It takes a skillful bungler to lose money at a convention. There is only one rule to follow. Don't promise anything to the hotel that you aren't absolutely certain you can deliver and don't spend more money than you have.

I think that Southgate is going to do better than cons have been for the last few years. They're going about the thing pretty soundly. Of course they're fighting the diminishing auction trend. Artwork just isn't available as it once used to be. The auction was once the big money getter at a con but this situation no longer exists. There are NO magazines that want to give away cover art. More often, the case is that they buy only the right to reproduce and the dover art goes back to the original artist.

Back to folk music, I'm fascinated by this Ox Driver's Bit. I wonder what qual-

ifications the singer should have, to do "The One-Balled Reilly"?
/I noticed that in one interview, Von Braun, speaking of the German scientists who went to Russia, said that he was happy that he'd come to the U.S. -- because the Russians didn't let the Germans do any actual work. He gave no other reason. RSC/

RON BENNETT, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorks., England

I'd like to try this exchange teachers lark, but it needs much more going into than can be seen on the surface. I gather it's a high price to have to pay for the experience, for as I understand it, apart from a small allowance, one has to pay his own fare and only gets the same rate of pay he would get here. This means he has to contend with US prices on British pay (with deductions off I clear around a hundred dollars a month). I think my education authorities insist on five years experience too, four of which must have been spent with this authority. I'll have this time behind me in two years' time. We'll have to wait until then.

/That pay rate doesn't seem fair at all. Surely any teacher, exchange or not, should be paid by the institution he is working for at the time, at the normal rate of pay of that institution. Someone should investigate this.....an international teaching scandal, no less! RSC/

RICH BROWN, 127 Roberts St., Pasadena 3, California

Say, does YANDRO get to the script writers of Red Skelton and/or Steve Allan? Was just wondering, since Joe Sanders' definition was used on the Steve Allan show the other night, and my quote was used on the Red Skelton show. /No, we just happen to use old jokes. RSC/

Hate to correct anybody, but Bob Gilbert is a professional artist. No, he hasn't sold any art to the prozines, but he has sold paintings, etc. /All right, Mr. Gilbert, I extend my apologies. You are a professional artist.....now will you send us some more artwork? RSC/

Why, within two months I'll have CRY in my grimy little paws...then we'll see what I can do about YANDRO....

/CRY in two months, YANDRO in three, and bankruptcy in six....RSC/

ROGER EBERT, 410 E. Washington, Urbana, Illinois

One question, and probably a stupid one -- why does Shaw get better typography for INFINITY than Lowndes ever gets? Adkins says they're both using the same printer now. /Well, Dan?/

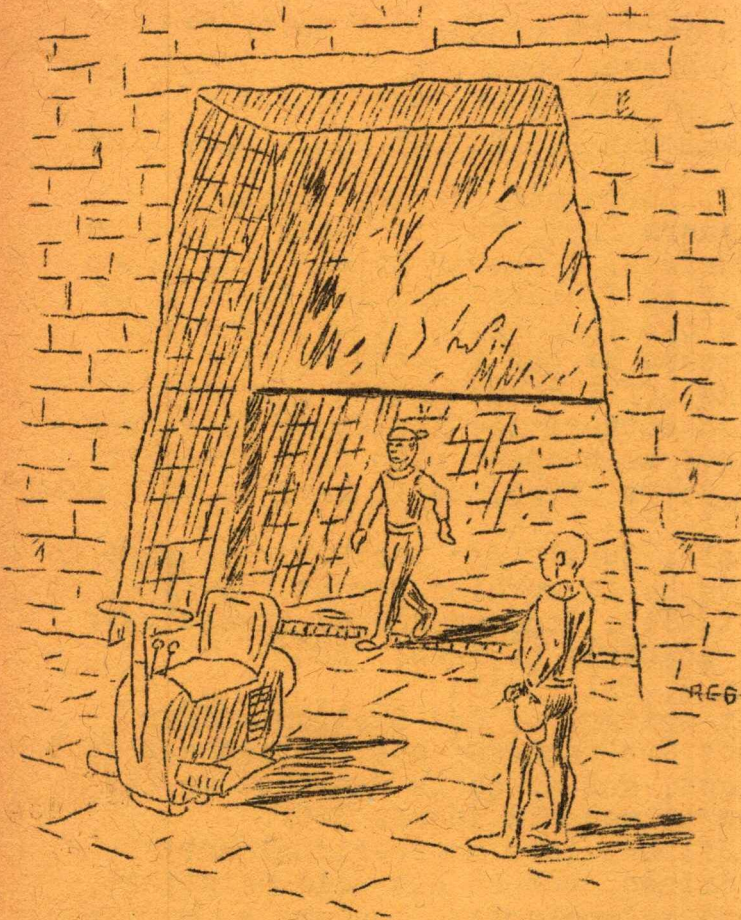
Is there any fact to the notion I have that once somebody says a certain mag is no good, it immediately becomes less interesting than it was? I liked GALAXY, I liked F&SF...right now, I list ASF, INIFINITY, and IF on top. Glad to see Knight take over IF, too.

I can't justify the science kick of the latest SF: THE YEAR'S GREAT-EST. The whole works seems rather watered down and speedily contrived this time.

/Watered-down science sells, man....On magazines, I pay no attention to what anyone else says about them. Right now, there are 4 mags that I try to read as soon as I get them....ASF, F&SF, VENTURE, and NEBULA. The rest of the bunch sometimes sit around on my bookshelves for months before I get around to reading them. RSC/

COLIN CAMERON, 2561 Ridgeview Drive, San Diego 5, California

Guy's article was quite true. There is no reason to be complacent when regarding the quality of s-f films. Makes no difference if the



make-up men had little or no money for their creations, or if they were limited by the difficulty of making said monster, or if it was their first effort, or any other reason. It is the end result that counts. The slaving make-up man is going to get no thanks from me, unless he actually makes something worth spending my sheckles for. I have to disagree with Guy about "King Kong" being the only worthwhile s-f film as far as animation. Sure, "King Kong" had terrific animation. But look at "One Million B.C.". "Forbidden Planet's" animation was near to nothing, as the Id beast was only seen once, being drawn. The film was still better than any other which appeared that year because of the special effects, the "sense of wonder" (corny but true), and the suspense and excitement of the chase scene. The view of the interior of Altair 4, with those huge chains, globes of light, machines, and trick lighting, really

did look like it was several miles across and hundreds of miles deep. /According to Bob Gilbert, "One Million B.C." was not animated at all. Those animals were real animals, with a few extra fins, horns, spines, or what have you glued on. Some of the trick photography was good; some wasn't. Speaking of make-up men, how did you like "The Fly"? I thought it was a nice job -- particularly after some of those crummy werewolves I've seen recently. Only trouble was, this time the fantasy element is reasonably well handled, but the ordinary human relations are botched. Guess I'll have to stick to British films. RSC/
BILL CONNOR, 3320th. USAF Hospital, Amarillo AFB, Texas

The Southwestcon has been over for several weeks now, but I am still on the wagon and intend to remain so. I drank a wee bit more booze there than I should have and by the third day of the con I was looking and feeling like a fugitive from The Lost Weekend.

Despite my indisposition on the last day, I had a fine time there. True, the con was marred by vandalism and the theft of \$34 worth of booze, and the attendance wasn't near as good as expected. But we managed to have a swinging time of it anyway.

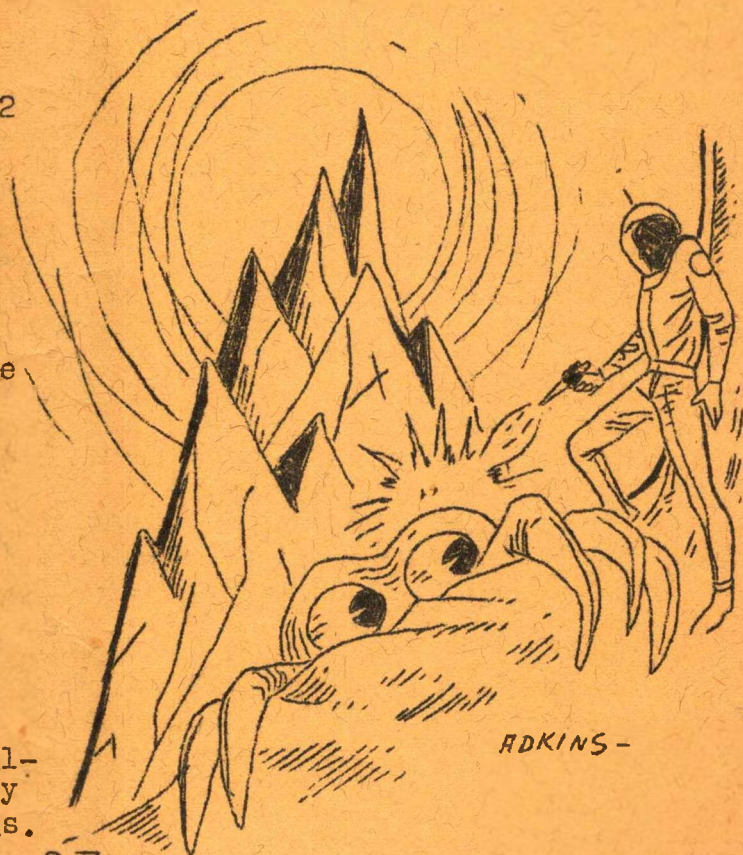
I found that 4e Ackerman isn't such a "dirty pro" after all -- I rather like the guy myself and I'm willing to forgive him for being such an atrocious punster. Forry and Marion Z. Bradley were much more fannish than I had expected them to be. They remained at the parties in Reamy's

room until the festivities broke up for the night. /Marion wasn't there for the party...she was waiting for a chance to catch a few neofans alone. She eats them, you know. RSC/ I was converted to something of a folk music fan after hearing MZB sing. Her rendition of some of the songs from Manly Wade Wellman's John stories was haunting.

The programmed part of the SWC didn't seem to come off too well mainly because the fans present seemed to feel that they wanted to do as they pleased, and not do things merely to please the con committee. When each event was ready to take place, the standard procedure was to wait until a sufficient number of fans had been rounded up and pleaded with to attend the function. I'm much more in favor of the Midwestcon type of formula of only one scheduled event - the banquet. Then the fans can do what they please to do, since they seem bent on doing this anyway.

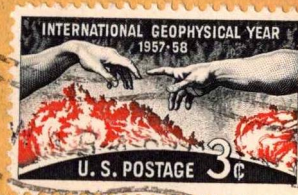
I'm glad to see that Dave Jenrette settled this Von Braun hassle with his reasoning in the last issue. /hah! RSC/ I was getting rather tired of the whole thing myself. It seems to me that there will always be strife between peoples and nations until we have a world government with power over its subject nations. Instead of the veto jamming up the works, there should be a 2/3 majority rule. If the majority of nations feel that the US should withdraw from Lebanon, then we should withdraw. The US, once champion of revolution against the monarchies seems now to be the champion of those governments that offer us the best deal in trade relations. /This is known as "political maturity". RSC/ Being a member of the US military, I have sworn to obey the orders of the President of the US and his appointed officers - so if I was ordered to Lebanon or anywhere else, I would have no choice. But there's nothing in the book that says I have to like it.

Short comments: BEM GORDON sent 2 pages of arguments addressed to Jenrette...since I considered them to be more concerned with the rules of debate than with Von Braun, they've been forwarded to Dave. Briefly, Bem felt that Dave's use of the "fallacy of division" was irrelevant, since the discussion was on one particular individual, rather than of a hypothetical German; that the beliefs in question were those of Von Braun rather than those of the German, American, or any other nationality. At any rate, I'm cutting off the Von Braun discussions with this issue, because of the lack of any real information on the subject. I wouldn't have published the Falasca's comments, except that they agreed so perfectly with my ideas.
RSC



R. & J. COULSON
105 STITT ST.
WABASH, IND.

Howard Devore
4705 Weddell
Dearborn
Michigan



MIMEOGRAPHED MATTER ONLY
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED